Special Secret by PuffyPhantom

Category: Danny Phantom

Genre: (Dannyphilia is more accurate), Coercion, Danny is around 6 years old, Grooming, M/M, Masturbation, Pedophilia, Sexual Content, Vlad is in his 40s

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Summary:

During another day alone with Danny, Vlad loses his composure just a little.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters

Comments: 13

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Special Secret

Author's Note:

> There’s a lot of aged up Danny stuff out there, which is fine, but then I thought—why not age him down for a change? hehe haha…

He was timid and shy at first, as was to be expected. But it didn’t take long to earn his trust. Not when he was so easy to impress and even easier to please. The lack of parental awareness played a perfect role as well as the fake smile that had them completely fooled.

Sometimes Vlad wondered how he could have been so lucky.

Perhaps it was some sort of otherworldly act. An apology for all the misery and suffering and humiliation he’d been put through in years past, and a second chance for him to obtain what he’d always sought. And after everything that had happened to him, he deserved at least that much, didn’t he?

Danny ran past Vlad and into the living room, filling the otherwise empty home with his energetic, high-pitched laughter.

“Careful, Daniel. No running in the house, remember?” Vlad gently scolded as he closed and locked the front door. He turned around just in time to see Danny happily plop himself on the couch, still laughing.

“The fair is so much fun! Can we go again?” he asked, stuffing the remaining bunch of his pink cotton candy into his mouth.

“Again? I don’t think your mother would like it if she found out how much cotton candy I’ve been giving you,” Vlad said in an amused tone, hanging the house keys on the nearby key holder and then going over to sit next to Danny.

“She doesn’t have to know,” Danny said quietly, staring down at the paper cotton candy cone as he played with it.

Vlad put an arm behind the couch where Danny was seated, leaning a bit closer to him. He used his other hand to tame a few of Danny's wild hairs back into place. "No, I suppose she doesn't have to know, does she? But are you sure you can keep that a secret?"

Danny nodded his head, still looking down. "You said that I shouldn't say anything about the stuff me and you do."

Vlad smiled. "Did I really say that?"

"Mhm."

"Oh dear. That means you're getting better at keeping secrets, aren't you?"

"Yeah. Does that mean we can go again?" Danny asked, looking up at Vlad with baby blue eyes filled with hope.

Vlad chuckled. He dropped his hand from Danny's head and readjusted, gently grabbing Danny to have him sit sideways on his lap. "Maybe next time. But you have to promise me that you won't tell your mom or dad or your sister, okay? If you do, your mom and dad will get mad and me, and we won't be able to do fun things together anymore," he said, leaning over to take off Danny's shoes and place them on the floor, glancing over his thin legs at the same time.

"I won't tell. I promise."

"Pinky promise?" Vlad asked, straightening up and pointedly lifting up a pinky finger.

"Yep!" Danny smiled and hooked his little finger around Vlad's.

"Good boy." Vlad smiled back, wrapping an arm around Danny and holding him close. "Well then, what would you like to do now, little badger?"

"Mmm, I dunno," Danny answered along with a quick shrug.

Vlad looked at the cone in Danny's hand, his small fingers encircling the middle of it. He thought for a moment. "How about I show you a magic

trick?”

“A magic trick?”

“Yes. Here, let me see.” Vlad slid his palm from Danny’s arm to his hand, holding him for a moment before moving up to pluck the cone out of his weak grasp. He stretched out his arm and held the cone out in front of Danny. “Put your hands up here,” he instructed, poking the top of Danny’s chest with his other hand.

Danny did as he was told, balling his hands into little fists just below his chin.

“Keep them there for me, okay?”

Danny nodded once.

“Good.” Vlad held the side of his face against Danny’s, feeling his soft black hair against his cheek. The faint artificial scent of apples pleasantly tickled his sense of smell. “Now, watch closely,” he murmured into Danny’s ear.

Holding the cone up from the pointed end with his thumb and forefinger, Vlad ignited the bottom of it with a small magenta flame. The flame quickly traveled upwards, eating the paper away in the form of a spiral. Within a second, the cone was gone.

“Ta-da,” Vlad sang, holding his empty palm out for Danny to see.

“Woah. It’s gone!” Danny reached out to grab Vlad’s hand, curiously turning and inspecting it. “How did you do that?”

Vlad laughed. “I told you. It’s a magic trick.”

Danny turned to look at him, his boyish features expressing nothing short of fascination. “Can you do another one?”

“Another one?” Vlad gave a sarcastic hum, holding Danny’s hand and repeatedly running his thumb over the back of it with a narrowed and

pensive stare.

“Please,” Danny pleaded after a moment, extending the vowels of the word in the form of an endearing whine and bringing Vlad out from his reverie.

“Oh, all right. But can you do something for me first?”

“What?”

“Can I have a kiss?”

Danny gave Vlad a confused look. Vlad held his breath.

“A kiss?”

Vlad hummed and nodded in agreement.

Danny fidgeted, playing with a lose string of fabric on his shorts with the hand that Vlad wasn’t holding. “Okay,” he finally said and gave Vlad a quick peck on the cheek.

After a surprised-filled pause, Vlad couldn’t hold back a chuckle. “Thank you, Danny. That was very sweet. Is that how your mom and dad kiss you?”

“Yeah.”

Vlad looked down at Danny’s pink-tinted lips, thinking. He tapped them with a finger. “What about here? Do your mom and dad ever kiss you here?”

Danny shrugged, turning his head away in apparent disinterest. “Sometimes.”

“I see.” Vlad said quietly, shifting in his seat. “Well, Danny, can I kiss you?”

Danny looked back at Vlad with a pout. “What about the magic trick?”

“I’ll show it to you. After you let me kiss you.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

“Hmm. Okay,” Danny agreed with a nod.

Vlad swallowed thickly. He leaned forward, pausing for a split second as their noses touched. And then he kissed him, closing his eyes as he gently pressed his lips against Danny’s. His mind instantly went blank. Before he realized it, Vlad lapped at Danny’s lips, parting them just enough to slide his tongue across Danny’s and taste the traces of the sickly-sweet cotton candy.

Danny abruptly pulled away, laughing and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “That tickles,” he said along with his laugh.

Letting go of Danny’s hand, Vlad slid it up Danny’s tee, riding it up just enough to let his fingers graze Danny’s skin. “Ah. Do you know why it tickles?”

Danny shook his head.

“It’s because that was a special kiss.”

“A special kiss?”

“That’s right. One that only you and I can do together,” Vlad explained.

“Why?” Danny asked.

“Because I like you. And you like me too, don’t you?”

“Mhm.”

“So, because we like each other very much, that’s what makes it special. Do you understand?”

Danny smiled. “Yep!”

“Good. I’m happy to hear that. You make me so happy, Danny,” Vlad said and kissed Danny’s cheek. Once. Twice. And then again, sliding his hand further up Danny’s smooth stomach.

Danny laughed, squirming helplessly against Vlad’s hold. “Vlad, that tickles!”

Vlad kept going, feeling his beard scratch Danny’s downy cheek as he peppered it with kisses. He trailed his hand downwards, letting his fingertips slide under the waistband of Danny’s shorts. He stopped with one final, lasting kiss to Danny’s temple, inhaling deeply with his eyes closed as he listened to Danny’s laugh die down. Something stirred within him. “I love you, Danny.”

Danny giggled as Vlad hesitantly took his fingers out from underneath his shorts, resting his hand on the top of Danny’s thigh. “You said you were gonna show me the trick.”

Vlad slowly moved himself away, indulging in the appealing sight of Danny’s rosy cheeks. “I did, didn’t I?”

Danny nodded with a smile that matched his excitement.

“All right. I’ll show you.”

It was a moment that Vlad would never dare forget. And one that he’d repeatedly—desperately—bring back into mind, even one month later.

Vlad bumped his forehead on his forearm propped against the wet tiles of his shower’s wall, mouth going slack as he panted, his stiff cock heavy in his moving hand.

Soft black hair. Little pale hands. Thin ankles. A smooth tummy. Flushed cheeks and wide blue eyes. Innocent, joyous laughter pouring out of small, pink lips. A tongue that tastes of sweet candy.

He hadn’t lied. It was special. Just as Vlad had explained it to Danny. And it is something only he and Danny can do together. Because Danny is his.

Danny was made for him. As an apology. As a gift.

But he had to be careful. He'd become too ambitious and impatient as of late. In an ideal world Vlad could put all his faith in Danny and trust that he would indeed keep everything between them a secret. But the world was far from ideal.

Risking the reveal of his ghost identity wasn't a threat. Children can be so imaginative. Perhaps his intuitive mother would have her concerns, but his ignorant father and Vlad's so-called friend would certainly rebuke them. No, his show of affection was what worried him. As much as Vlad yearned to—as much as he wanted to touch, kiss, and lick every little part of Danny—he knew Danny wouldn't be able to understand.

It pained him to think about it. To think that there was even a possibility that he could lose Danny when he was only trying to express his adoration for him. To think that he'd have to relive those instances of rejection and loneliness and heartache. That was something he simply could not risk.

Vlad released a heavy sigh. Through strands of wet, silver hair, he watched with tired eyes as the spray of water washed away the evidence of his desires. He turned the water off and leaned his back against the cool tiles, thumping the back of his head against them after he slicked his hair back. He wiped the moisture off his face with a heavy hand and sighed once more.

It would take time. Much more than he'd like. But as long he keeps Danny happy, as long as he doesn't let himself get carried away, and as long as his fake smile never falters, Danny would eventually be wholly and utterly his.